

Wealthy Jason Chases the Golden Fleece Of Some "Zippy" Music



Young Wooster Lambert, Whose Income Is Between \$95,000 and \$100,000 Yearly, Takes Two Pals on a Mad Chase to Europe for Some Music That Will Make Things Hum Back Home.



Pursuant to his ideas that "zip" music is the proper thing for symphony orchestras to play if they wish to retain a hold on the people, young J. D. Wooster Lambert, wealthiest and shyest of all the eligible bachelors of St. Louis, announced that he would go to Paris for such music, packed his bag, boarded a train and sailed from New York, all in forty-eight hours.

With him went his two inseparable "pals," Knox Taussig and Drummond Jones, also wealthy young bachelors, who, with Wooster, hold high wassail and festivity in the first named young gentleman's bachelor apartments in one of the most exclusive apartment houses of exclusive West St. Louis.

"Woos" just simply thought he ought to have the music, and considered that he wouldn't get the right sort if he cabled for it. If he wrote and explained at great length what he wanted it would take some time to send it, and even then there might be a mistake.

So there was nothing to do but go himself. Of course, that didn't bother "Woos." It was about the twentieth time he had been to Paris, and he didn't have another thing in the world about which to worry. He has an annual income of between \$95,000 and \$100,000, which is increasing through no efforts of Wooster's, every year, and as he once said himself, "the worst of his troubles is spending that income."

He gives money away, buys the most expensive automobiles on the market, whenever he happens to feel that he'd like one, gives wonderful dinners and does everything but lose his health in the attempt to get rid of the unearned increment, but can't do it as well as he'd like.

So that little chase of this modern Jason to Paris, after the golden fleece of "zippy" music, was nothing at all for him, or for Jones or Taussig, who have been chums of his long enough that they are not surprised by anything he does.

It all came about like this. Wooster is a director of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra and devotes a good deal of his time and money to making that organization efficient. One bright September morn he, the other directors, and Max Zach, the conductor, were discussing the programme for the season.

"I don't see anything 'zippy' here," lamented Wooster. "We've got to have that 'zippy' stuff to make the people come. These long, wearisome things are all right for us who understand music, but the people for whom we maintain this orchestra want something light, something with a tang, something 'zippy' to soothe their brains, tired after a day of hard work. Sort of a tired business man proposition."

"Pooh," said the other directors. "What does a kid of 23 know about those things? Better let well enough alone. The great musicians say that what we have on the programme is just what the people need, even if they don't particularly want it, so that's what we'll have."

"Wrong," said Wooster. "I'll bet you on it. We'll try out some 'zippy' music and see the difference."

"Where'll you get it?" was the objection. "You surely wouldn't profane the temples of our artists by asking them to play American ragtime."

"Then we'll play Parisian ragtime," suggested Wooster. "I've heard some corking good stuff over there. Suppose I take a little run across and see what I can pick up of the very latest?"

"Go to it," said the grave directors.



TWO poses of J. D. Wooster Lambert at top and two poses of Drummond Jones below.

will be good. That much is assured, for Wooster has an excellent musical ear. Whether it will meet the approval of the other directors of the orchestra remains to be seen, but if it doesn't, that won't bother Wooster at all. The orchestra will play it, which is the main point with him.

Wooster is a finished musician, and if his patrimony were taken from him of a sudden he would be able to make an excellent income by his ability in that profession. In fact, he is a member of the St. Louis Local of the American Federation of Musicians, and is forbidden to give more than three free performances a year by the by-laws of that body. However, if Wooster wanted to give twenty free performances all the by-laws in the world wouldn't stop him.

Last year when Marie Busch, daughter of August Busch, and granddaughter of the late Adolphus Busch, of brewery fame, made her debut, Wooster, Taussig, Jones and all the other members of the socially elect of St. Louis were present. Jones amused the entire crowd by his dexterity in blowing smoke rings, and Taussig was the envy of every beau and maiden because of the graceful manner in which he turkey-trotted and tan-

good through the hall at the \$100,000 dinner-dance which marked the young woman's formal entry into society.

And what with Taussig's tangoing everyone in the party was seized with a craze to emulate him, and they called for more and more until the poor musicians were ready to faint from exhaustion. Finally the drummer announced that the others could do as they pleased, but for his part he was through. It was then about 4 a. m.

New Wooster Lambert is decidedly plump and doesn't care for overmuch indulgence in the Terpsichorean art. He was sitting in the conservatory when word came to him of the plight of the party. The drummer was obdurate, although the dancers promised him anything he wanted provided he would play but a few hours more.

Wooster rose, rolled back his cuffs, mounted the orchestra's platform and seized the trans. He told the drummer to go home, and then for two hours valiantly rattled the snare drums, clashed the symbols, beat the bass drum with his foot and went through the thousand and one performances in which the trans player has to be proficient, without once making a mistake. He blew whistles, shook

rattlers, rubbed sandpaper, rang bells, and gave a general imitation of a whirling dervish. Wooster Admitted to Musicians' Union.

He made the tired musicians take a new lease on life, and until well after 6 o'clock in the morning Wooster himself furnished the inspiration for the dance. When the last trotters finally left for home the musicians were barely able to crawl, so wearied were they, but Wooster was as fresh as new mown hay.

The next Sunday there was consideration in the ranks of the Musicians' Union. They foresaw ruin if Wooster were permitted to play whenever and wherever he chose. The good principles of unionism must be upheld at all cost, so Wooster was forbidden to do such a thing ever again.

Wooster promptly replied by asking for membership in the union. He paid his initiation fee, passed the required examinations, proved that he can play on string and brass instruments and the drums, and received his card. Now he can play wherever he can find employment, but the next time he offers music for a dinner dance he will have to draw his salary.

Wooster is musical all the time. In his apartments, which were furnished at a cost of \$10,000, he has a magnificent grand piano, and one of the most expensive graphophones to be bought, with perhaps the best selection of records west of the Mississippi. His cabinets are always piled high with music, of the "high-brow" and popular type, and whatever spare moments he has he spends at his piano, practicing.

On his "work" table you may see score after score, some complete and others unfinished. They are Wooster's own compositions, which he writes for his own amusement. He recently completed the entire score of a light opera, much to his own delight, and now is engaged in the orchestration, in itself one of the most difficult tasks known to the student of music.

He does not try to put his compositions on the market. He doesn't need the money and despite the fact that for five years he has been constantly in the public eye, if there is anything from which Wooster Lambert shrinks it is publicity.

"I wish to the Lord they'd let me alone," he complained one day. "If there's a week goes by that I don't appear in the papers my friends ask me what has become of my press agent. And if I do get in they say I am looking for notoriety. I want peace and if I had it there are a whole lot of things I could do from which I now am barred."

Young Lambert is highly educated. He is a Princeton graduate, and is polished by travel. He spends his summers at Magnolia, Mass., where the quietest of the Eastern society folks go for their vacations, and is among the most popular of the younger set there. He never fails to appear at every event given by the Myopia hunt, and is a familiar figure at the Wenham polo grounds and the score of golf links in that vicinity.

Although he is an eligible bachelor he shuns woman as he would a pest. Half the aspiring mammas with marriageable daughters in St. Louis are hot on his trail, but thus



is something uncanny about the manner in which he makes strikes and spares. His bowling doesn't cost him anything, but it costs his opponents a good deal.

Bowling Team Lost and Friends Laughed.

Now a few years ago there was a bowling tournament in one of the large Western cities. Wooster conceived the idea that it would redound to his glory and would besides be a great pleasure to him to have the guidance of a successful entry in that tournament.

Thought-of—done, according to Wooster's usual procedure. He scoured St. Louis high and low for the best gentleman bowlers he could discover, spent real money on getting them into shape, and then took them to the tournament.

He was beaten, though not badly. He bet every cent he could get taken on the result, and lost. Did he complain? Not Wooster. He'd do it again, but for the objection that papers all through the Middle West poked good humored fun at him and consequently he was pestered by his associates with alleged witticisms.

If the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra needs money the directors go to Wooster Lambert, and he is always ready to sign a check. In some quarters he has been severely criticized for being connected with the orchestra, for what reason no one really knows, but that doesn't bother him in the least. He likes it, and that's enough for him.

He belongs to seven clubs in St. Louis, the best of the city, besides a dozen others abroad and in the East, and is highly popular in them all. He is asked to join other organizations every week, but refuses. He doesn't care for the life, and joined those in which he now holds membership simply because his most intimate friends were members.

Two luxuries, however, he allows himself to the utmost, and one is dependent upon the other. The first is owning automobiles and the second is speeding those automobiles. Several times he has come into collision with the law through the latter penchant.

When Wooster sees an automobile he wants he buys it. He is always the first man in the West to have the latest improvements in any accessory.

With all his speeding, however, Wooster has never had an accident. He is known as one of the most careful drivers in the United States, and one of the best, and his friends declare that they would trust themselves to Wooster's control sooner than to that of any professional chauffeur that ever lived.

Of course, these actions cannot last forever. Wooster will be married, probably to some dominant female who will frown upon his antics and make him lead the well-ordered life of a gentleman of leisure, and he will settle down into the beaten track. But that time, as far as Wooster himself is concerned, is a long way off, and he expects to do many more startling things before it arrives. In a few days he will be back from Paris, and his friends are waiting with bated breath for the tale of his exploits in that city. He won't tell them, but Jones and Taussig will.

far he has evaded all of them, even to the extent that there never have been rumors of his engagement, such as circle thickly about the names of the average young, unmarried millionaire.

Wooster says he hasn't seen the girl he wants. When he does, he admits, with a philosophical shrug of the shoulders, he probably will follow the example of most men and marry her. But he hasn't any intention of doing anything desperate at present.

"Does this look like contemplative marriage," he asked recently, with a comprehensive wave of his arm which took in all the furnish-

ings of his apartment. "Do you think I'd spend all this money on furniture and things to have some woman declare that they were in bad taste and throw them all out."

"Never. This is solid comfort, and I'm not ready as yet to give it up."

Wooster, however, is a sportsman in the true sense of the word. If he is interested in a thing he will stop at no expenditure to make it a success. Witness his adventure with a bowling team a few years ago.

He is a bowling expert himself and spends a great deal of his time on the alleys. His friends say there